WARNING: If you just click on my profile pic without reading my words, your kidneys will liquefy, and your goiters will explode. Yea, I know you don't, just wait.

I try not to take myself too seriously, but it's hard to not notice the rest of the world moving in slow motion, thinking and talking in two dimensions... I'm always happy to find someone to talk to. Soulmates... well, I've only met one...

I'm a published writer, composer, musician, producer and tech/audio engineer... defying ordinary... surviving by my wits, and yes... thriving in that regard... I'm not here because I can't get a date... I have what some consider attractive features, and that other stuff... some call me gifted, or genius... or blessed, or "my little Brony" for reasons I can't go into... ahem...

But I'm looking for a girl that is like me... people come here for all manner of reasons, but all for the same thing. Free milk... wait, no!... soulmates!

And the more complicated we are, the more difficult it is... and that guy with the work shirt... bragging about his woman's meat loaf, and that she never lets HIS meat loaf... WELL, she should cook him a nice healthy pot of STFU.

Maybe it's a silly romantic Ideal, but I've made a great living off of silly romantic ideals... and I've been taught to respect these things, as they have immense value! Or, maybe they used to... to find that island of sanity with the other one that sings your song. And to search... until you find them!

I gig when I can, write, record, fix things that most people aren't aware exist... I have about 200 jobs... because I CAN! And unless society completely collapses, I'll be comfortable.

I'm looking for my one in a million, songbird... a romantic, gifted, singing, loving, living for the muse, girl... with a passion to match my own... to show this world what a little love and harmony looks like. People don't read my words. They just click. Then when I SAY HI and mention these things, they realize THEY'VE arrived at a formal party, dressed as a GIBBON!